

A Statute for Swearers and Drunkards,
OR

Forfake now your follies, your booke cannot saue you,
For if you sweare and be drunke, the Stockes will haue you
To the tune of When Canons are roaring.



You that in wicked wayes
long time haue ranged;
Now must be with the times,
turned and changed.
The Realmes careful keepers
such Lawes haue ordained,
By which from your vices base,
you must be weaned.
Let high and low, rich and poore,
Strive for to mend all;
And forbear for to sweare,
curse, drinke, and spend all:
Forfake now your follies;
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the Stockes will haue you.

You that doe swim in silkes,
in gold and hauiery;
Thinke not, your gaudy clothes
can hide your leuery:
You that consume your states,
by deboshed courses;
Winding the Turnhole Jades,
like hackney horses:
Banish your new base trickes,
your drinke and dabbings,
Your cursing, your swearing,
your roling and stabbing:
Forfake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the Stockes will haue you.

You that thinke, he's no man
of reputation,
That cannot sweare and be drunke,
and doe in fashion;
You that doe thinke your selues
ne're better graced,
Then when 'mongst drunkards you
are set and placed:

You do that brag, and say,
your bzaines are stronger,
Then shallow pates, who at pots
cannot hold longer.
Forfake now your follies
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the Stockes will haue you.

You that cry, Bargo, boys,
hang by all sorrowe;
Drinke tilte, our Landlord shall
stay till to morrowe:
Then reeling out of doores
into the kennell;
Yet sweare, you sweeter smell
then does the Fennell:
You that lie bathing
from morning till twilght,
In Hauerne and Tipling house,
to clear the eye-sight:
Forfake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the Stockes will haue you.

You that will wot at him,
as at some wonder,
That will not rap out othes
so loud as the Thunder:
You that familiarly
ble in your talking,
Profanely for to sweare,
sitting or walking:
And you that terme them not
men of good fashion;
That has not learnt the rules
of Profanation.
Forfake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the Stockes will haue you.

The second Part. To the same tune.

Be warned by me you Swearers and Drunkards for I first broke the Statute



You that sweale out your life
in beastly drinke;
Untill your bodies
and breaths be sinking:
You that sit sucking still
at the strong barrell,
Till into tatters rent
turnes your apparell:
You that by gazing
transforme your best features,
Changing your selues from men,
to winnish creatures:
Forake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the stockes will haue you.

You that doe seene abroad
so to be wanting,
Though to your wife at home,
bread may be wanting.
And your poore children eke
likely to perishe:
Whilst you with Caplaine strong
your corpes doe cherish:
Crying still, let them starue,
till 'tis no matter.
With drinke he stufte my guts,
let them drinke water.
Forake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the stockes will haue you.

You that at midnight can
outweare the watchmen,
And haue a Constable,
that stands to catch men,
You that with goodly baines
by the wall holdesth,
And thy darke every post
in his armes foldesth.

And you that in the burt,
thrust deepe your noses,
Where sleeping sweetly as
in beds of roses:
Forake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the stockes will haue you.

You that in dregs of drinke
so drowne your reason;
What you are loth to leaue
in timely season:
But drinke still following,
neglect your vocation;
Till you haue no means left,
nor habitation,
You that will spend as much,
lust at one sitting;
As would a weeke yours keepe
with viuals sitting,
Forake now your follie,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the stockes will haue you.

You that desire to dwell
in heauen hereafter,
Put not of this deuice
make test of laughter:
But shake off these crimes
with much distasting,
If you hope to enioy
life euerslasting.
So honest men let this be
sound admonition
To be waille their past sinnes
with sad contrition.
Forake now your follies,
your booke cannot saue you:
For if you sweare and be drunke,
the stockes will haue you.